

College President and PR Man: Window

I don't think we've had Public Relations up to now. As a result, perhaps, we've been mostly forgotten. But we have, of course, a story to tell.

Look at the buildings alone. Most ivy-covered and decaying. Going back to the earth. Isn't that something of what Frank Lloyd Wright was getting after?

That monstrous hulk is Old Recitation Hall. A homeless man lived there for seven years before he was discovered. Well, his body was when the place stunk even worse than usual.

And the human resources! That mess of affectation on a six thousand dollar bicycle there is a poet. Girls dig his vagueness. Off he goes!—backpack and beard flapping in the wind.

Anyway, wander around. His like inhabits most departments. Along with relics, grinchies, and creeps. Oh there are normal people, but they're overwhelmed. You'll find some muttering to themselves, prior to taking walks to strike out at invisible evils.

When all the trees are in bloom, nobody notices a thing.